

Christian Reflector.

H. A. GRAVES, } Editors.
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[P. J. RAYMOND is General Agent for the Reflector in the New England States.]

Christian Reflector.

For the Christian Reflector.

Call for Ministers in the West.

[The following communication, which was addressed to Rev. Prof. Chalmers, of New York, is deserving the attention of young men generally, who are preparing for the ministry. And its statements, as well as its excellent spirit, will render it interesting to all who love the cause of Christ, and care for the religious condition of our country.]

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Perhaps some apology may be necessary, for thus intruding upon your time and attention; but the remembrance of your former kindness to me, when a student, the affectionate interest with which you always received my requests for advice, both in spiritual and temporal things, and especially the favors, so unexpected and so grateful, which you showed me when leaving home for a land of strangers, embolden me to trouble you again. Your parting kindness, shown at inconvenience to yourself, and at a time when acts of kindness are peculiarly felt, has ever been remembered, and never without emotions of gratitude.

I have long been desirous to write you upon the topic of my present letter, but the many ways in which the claims and wants of the West have been presented, and that too with a fervency and power which I cannot employ, as well as the fear of intrusion, have hitherto made me hesitate. But after I had thought of the subject again and again, I happened to take up an old volume of the *Missionary Magazine*, and from your letters there I learned, a fact of which I was previously ignorant, that you in the early part of your ministry had been engaged in missionary labor in the newer settlements. I felt then that you could understand our situation and wants in a manner which could never be acquired by any mere description, however natural or vivid, and that consequently in writing to you, I could write not merely with the freedom which you so kindly invited me to exercise as a friend, but as to one who could understand what I meant to say, and the reasons which prompted me to say it.

Without farther apology, then, I will come to the subject of this letter, and that is to beg of you, dear sir, to persuade if possible some of the candidates for the ministry at Newton to come to Illinois. In the section of country in which I reside, and it is a fertile and populous one, there are five churches within 15 miles of me, all of which get no other preaching than what they get from me, and three of these churches are in county seats. The nearest Baptist pastor to me is at the distance of thirty miles. And yet we are in by no means the most destitute portion of the State. In four of the five places above named, a minister would find sufficient employment for his whole time. There are neighborhoods and towns in the vicinity, where the people would be glad to have Baptist preaching, and where much good might be done. It is but a day or two since I received an earnest invitation from a neighborhood in which I am entirely unknown, some twenty miles distant, where the people were anxious to have Baptist preaching. The families in the settlement had been brought up under Baptist influence, and unless some minister of that persuasion could occasionally visit them, most of the young people would embrace the doctrine of the Campbellites. There are thriving towns and settlements in the neighborhood of all these churches, which are now left entirely unvisited, where much good might be done. My heart has been deeply pained as I have read through the three or four counties in which I preach, as I have thought of the numerous places of this description, and of the impossibility of one man's occupying a field wide enough for half a dozen. And I have thought that if the brethren at Newton could know these things, they surely would not all stay in New England, where there is a superabundance of preachers, and leave so many places in this country entirely unvisited.

If I have spoken first of the state of things in my own immediate vicinity, it is not because of our pre-eminence in destitution. I am on the borders of an association in which to twelve churches scattered over a wide extent of country there is but one minister who devotes his whole time to the work. In another of fourteen there are but two of that description. If we turn from the prairies, there are the churches at Alton and those of St. Louis destitute of pastors. And as I speak of St. Louis, I am reminded that sometime since, the Baptists and Presbyterians stood on equal footing. I do not know the exact ratio now, but I presume I speak within bounds, when I estimate the former at one white communicant to six of the latter. And this is in a Baptist State. I have found again and again in this State, towns at the first settlement of which the Baptists had decidedly the ascendancy, but there was no minister of their own persuasion to be obtained, and now flourishing societies of other name stand, where might

have stood churches formed as we believe after the model of the New Testament. And in those towns a sermon by a Baptist minister is now a thing almost unknown. In other places where I am well acquainted, it has been and still is a matter of surprise to me that the Baptists do not entirely disappear. For while they have much the predominance, they only have a sermon when they can get one from a passing preacher. Two or three county seats where the Baptists have the only house of worship in the place, are in my mind now. I have sometimes thought that the Lord was showing us how long an open door might be thus presented, and we refuse to occupy the station. Is it unreasonable to fear that the Baptist churches will be visited and scourged for their neglect to use the advantages they enjoy to such a great extent? You have seen this evil in Kentucky and other places which you have visited in the West, and you are aware how culpable we are as a denomination. Is it unreasonable to fear that the vineyard will be taken from those who, having almost exclusive possession, refuse to till it?

Now, dear sir, why cannot Newton, occupying the rank she does among our institutions, have more representatives in this large and destitute State? I am not aware that, with the exception of the beloved and estimable professor Leverett, there is a single student from Newton beside myself in the State. There are quite a number from Hamilton, and sometimes I am rather mortified at the question not unfrequently asked, 'Is there more enterprise and enlarged Christian liberality at Hamilton than at Newton, or is New York better supplied with ministers than Massachusetts?' I endeavor to explain the matter, but never without secretly wishing that there was no occasion for so doing.

There are difficulties here, but none which through the grace of God cannot be overcome by the exercise of patience and perseverance. We cannot offer large salaries; we cannot offer stations where there are to be found all the conveniences of New England, where are all blessings and no troubles; but we can offer that which the Master and the apostles were content with, food and raiment; we can present places where men can build up churches, not on other men's foundations, where souls are to be saved; where the people are warm-hearted and grateful; where an influence can be exerted on present and coming generations; in short, where there is pressing and urgent need of Christ's soldiers.

I have thus imperfectly expressed some of the feelings which I have long been desirous of communicating to you. I trust you will make the allowance which may be necessary in my statements and opinions for the limited views of youth and inexperience. I have always endeavored to hold up no false views of this country, nor to magnify in the least its claims and prospects. If a minister comes here he must not expect to find large congregations always ready to hear him; he must be content sometimes to preach to fewer people than he has rode miles; but the more of the urgent need of an adequate ministry; and these are the things which make us more importunate in our cry, Men of Israel, help! It is only by means of an efficient ministry, that they can be removed, and removed they must be before the cause of Christ can triumph.

These are but a few of the things which I would like to say, but I fear that I have already trespassed too much upon your patience. I hope that your kindness does not lead every one to presume so much upon it. With sentiments of high regard for you, and an ever grateful remembrance of the ties personal and parental, which bind me to you, I am respectfully and affectionately yours,
H. G. WESTON.

Affecting Letter.

[The following letter was addressed to Elder Addison Hall, of Virginia, the bereaved father of the late Mrs. S.]

Hongkong, Nov. 29, 1844.

DEAR, DEAR FATHER,—I wrote you a hasty note two days ago, just as the mail, via England, was closing, and nerved my bleeding heart to announce to you the sudden death of our three precious Henrietta, your first-born daughter, the hallowed wife of my youth, and the mother of my children. My full soul writhes in agony, both night and day; and although I believe I am not left without the consolations of the gospel, yet my breasts heave with the billows of sorrow, the floods of tears run down my eyes, tears of burning anguish. Friends sympathize and condole, the children are well and singularly quiet. Sister Devan overlooks domestic affairs like an angel of light; brother Devan proves a brother indeed, and God's promises are neither few nor misunderstood; but after all, I am really so overwhelmed that I fear my overpowering grief is unreasonable. I feel like some lonely forest pine, scathed and shattered by the lightning of death. My heart seems swollen to double its natural size, and I literally gasp for breath.

I mentioned in my last note, that for six months past, and up to within three hours of her departure, our precious one enjoyed unusual health. Her illness came on at 10 o'clock on the night of the 26th inst. Before calling the doctor, she requested me to join with her in prayer, and taking her hand in mine, I knelt by her couch, and at every sentence of my prayer, she gave me a most affectionate pressure. The doctor came at 12 o'clock at night. At 2 o'clock a fearful and sudden prostration took place, and every effort, and prayer, and remedy proving unavailing, at 3 o'clock her pure spirit winged

its flight to the bosom of her God and Saviour, whom she so ardently loved and laboriously served. For months she was in the habit of expressing to us all, in a singular manner, her presentiment that she would not survive the close of the present year, but no gloomy doubts about her soul were ever noticed. Her mind was engaged in prayer to the last; and as there was scarcely a pain or a struggle, but purely sinking and prostration, she literally fell asleep in Jesus—yes, was almost, like Enoch, translated for having walked with God. He took her in kindness to himself, without the usual suffering and distress which attend the final pangs of expiring mortality. She seems to have passed away like a glorious meteor, and her light still shineth. Her countenance in death assumed a heavenly smile, and her sacred body was deposited in the tomb by the side of her endeared friends, Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Ball. It was, it is said, the largest funeral which has ever taken place in this colony, so widely was she loved and esteemed, by all classes, high and low, foreign and native. The European Police Corps came and claimed the sad privilege of being permitted themselves, about forty in number, to bear her remains to the grave. She is gone to the realms of light,—taken away from the toils, anxieties and ills of life, with her Saviour and her fond mother. It is the Lord that has done it. God, I know, has done it in kindness to her and to us all, and for his own glory, and yet the tremendous stroke almost slays me. She was a most faithful, devoted, affectionate wife and mother, a laborious missionary, and warm-hearted friend of all. Her prayers and anxious labors for her children, and the heathen, will not be in vain. I never knew one whose faith was stronger. She was a believer in minute Providence, and her devotions were punctual, and her confidence in God unwavering. O, she was a being of love, and a lovely being. It would be almost madness in me to attempt to offer you and the family consolation, seeing that I myself am burdened and smitten to the dust. Oh, God, mysterious Jehovah, Jesus, Holy Ghost, comfort us all. Amen and amen!

In haste, but in deepest affection, your stricken son,
J. LEWIS SWICK.

P. S. I find myself continually trying to believe that she is really not gone, but at every turn I am reminded by some circumstance or article that I shall see her face no more in the flesh. She was in the habit of using as companion to her Bible for a long time, a copy of the *Gems of Sacred Poetry* which I had presented her. Since her demise I find in this little book whole poems, verses, sentences and words pencil-marked with her own hand, touching death, heaven, &c. &c., and some of them turn out to be in such direct coincidence with the circumstances of her end as to be really prophetic. I will send you details on this subject. I will write you again soon. I have named her darling boy, Henric Fuller, the first containing all the letters of his sainted mother's name, but the last three.

Procrastination leads to Skepticism.

Alas, the convictions of the young are often like the morning cloud and early dew, which appear for a little time and then pass away. Vengeance against youthful sin need not be speedily executed, the heart becomes fully set to do evil. The moral susceptibility becomes more deadened. The conscience probes less deep. The vanities of youth gain upon the affections. The youth begins to feel the sweeping current of sinful ease, as it comes from a corrupt world. So many appear to feel safe in sin, that he begins to repel the ingenious emotions which truth first produced in his heart, and to follow with more confidence 'the multitude to do evil.' As he descends the widening, deepening stream of life, new temptations cluster around him. He passes from youth to manhood, only surrenders the follies, the sports of youth, to grasp with an iron hand the riches and honors which constitute the baubles of age. Every revolving year winds around him new bands of iron. He becomes involved in business, and has a consistency of character to sustain with men who fear not God. In this passage upward in life, he long retained some of the religious impressions of his childhood. But his conceptions of truth became less vivid and operative. His resolutions to return to God became more and more infrequent. He had fixed upon a period near at hand for reform. But as manhood crept on without improvement, as the links holding his feet to the path of ruin became stronger, and stronger—the time of reformation was fixed at no definite period. Nothing survived but a general hope of repenting at some time. But years creeping on leaving a longer life of sin in the past, iron habits of impotence in the present, and fewer and fewer days of probation in the future, he now begins to despair of ever springing his course. As his head becomes sprinkled with grey hairs, and the frosts of autumn tell him of the winter of life, of the approaching grave, it is sad for him to think that his course must end in eternal ruin. He has so lived as to have the fears of religion without its consolations—the dread of God rather than a sense of his goodness and protection.

He has made truth his enemy. Too indolent—too fixed in habits of sin—too strongly fenced in by the world and worldly associates, to make his peace with truth by obeying her voice—he now to find quiet in looking at the grave, must expel truth from her sanctuary. With all this motive for disbelieving, with all this bias against God—he endeavors to efface the faint impressions of a sainted father's counsel, and a pious mother's prayers.

With the trembling hand of age, he labors to break up the foundations of piety and hope—that in the expectation of eternal sleep, he may find rest from a galling conscience. Ah! little did he imagine at twenty years of age, that procrastination of duty would at last land his poor soul, for a refuge, on the wintry shores of Atheism.

Brainard.

For the Christian Reflector.

The Tender Shepherd.

BY WILLIAM R. TAPPAN.

There was a Shepherd, once, whose tender care Was ever o'er his flock. By night and day He watched and guarded them. In pleasant pastures He led them carefully, and when they thirsted, He brought them to clear waters. Him they loved To follow, and would fondly lick his hand, In sign of strong attachment.

All, but one,— A sheep, that ever, forwardly did creep, And heeded not the Shepherd. Kind allurements Were vain, for he would never follow him, And never heard his voice nor followed him. Her Master, seeing all endeavor vain, To win her from her wanderings, took her lamb, But gently, in his arms, and went his way. Immediately, the sheep, submissive, followed.

Mother! that weep for thy little babe, Taken, to win thy wayward step to heaven, Say, was the Shepherd cruel?

Reading Books.

BY RICHARD CECIL.

'Have you read my Key to the Romans?' said Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, to Mr. Newton. 'I have turned it over.' 'You have turned it over! And is this the treatment a book must meet with, which has cost me many years of hard study? Must it be told, at last, that you have "turned it over," and then thrown it aside? You ought to have read it carefully, and weighed deliberately what comes forward on so serious a subject.' 'Hold! You have cut me out full employment, if my life were as long as Methuselah's. I have somewhat else to do in the short day allotted me, than to read whatever any one may think it his duty to write. When I read, I wish to read to good purpose; and there are some books, which contradict on the very face of them what appear to me to be first principles. You surely will not say I am bound to read such books. If a man tells me he has a very elaborate argument to prove that two and two make five, I have something else to do than to attend to this argument. If I find the first mouthful of meat which I take from a fine-looking joint on my table is tainted, I need not eat through it, to be convinced I ought to send it away.'

Character of Luther.

BY CARLYLE.

Martin Luther presides yet over modern history. Great he was, not only in the actions he did, but in his own intrinsic qualities. And in all manner of contradictions did he seem to have been born. The son of one of the very poorest of people—his father was a poor miner, his grandfather and nearly all of his ancestors peasants of the like sort—he was reared in the midst of poverty, and struggled forward to light, out of an extremity of vilest hardship. He 'bore the bag,' at school, and he sang there and in the streets for assistance and support. But what of that? Truth did not desert him for it. 'There was no formality in my friend, Martin Luther.' He could stand alone in the middle of the world. He was at first a student for the law, but an event very sudden and full of awe, withdrew him from worldly studies. While yet only twenty years old, he was walking with a friend in the University of Erfurt, when a thunderbolt darted out of heaven and struck down his companion dead at his feet. This seemed as if it were to Luther, to have borne a mission from above; and from that instant, in which he saw eternity lying at his feet, law and all its matters, and indeed all other proceedings of the world, looked poor and mean, and insufficient for the cravings of the soul. He entered the order of Augustines, and became a pious and laborious monk. At the first, as he expresses it, he was in a sort of state of probation. But he began to study the Bible, and it happened to him to see the pope! This was when on a mission to Rome, just when the natural loveliness of religion had broken in upon him, he beheld in this way the worst vices and corruptions of his ministers in the world. Yet he was silent. In truth, he now felt he had another concern to look after, for he was not his own soul to save! Now, nothing was so admirable as the entire modesty and simplicity of him! The idea of reforming the church never entered his head. The living life of a true man—that was his notion—and all else flowed naturally out of that. He saw that penances, and vigils, and the like, would not, and could not, work out salvation. It must be more hope in the Bible—it must be more faith in the Bible.

At this very time—in the memorable year 1515—Tetzel came to Wittenberg, with a very famous set of indulgences for sale. Luther saw him enter his own church, and offer in exchange for sundry pieces of money what were called 'indulgences,' from Christ's holy lord the pope, for the total remission of sins—pieces of paper with a red cross upon them, by which, for a consideration, the gates of hell were closed, and those of heaven and glory eternally opened! Luther saw these things publicly sold in his own church, and to the people of his own charge; and then spoke out, and said, 'That shall not be.' This was the beginning of the Reformation. Again observe the modesty of Luther. He set forward no plea or pretence of reforming the church. He shouted out nothing in big words about what he would do. There was

no vanity in him. All he did was to deny and refuse to tolerate a falsehood—and so the Reformation began. Four years went on in this way; he was then summoned to the diet of Worms, to appear before all the princes and chiefs of the Roman Catholic faith. It was on the 17th of April, 1521—a day to be remembered for ever, that he arrived at the old city of Worms, to testify eternally to the truth, or give it up utterly. A fearful enterprise! More than two thousand good people had gone out, some on horse, others on foot to meet him, and disuade him from advancing farther. He said he had the safe conduct of the emperor. 'Well,' they answered, 'Huss had it too, but it turned out to be a safe conduct into a prison six feet long, seven feet wide, and two feet high, from which he was carried out to be burned.' 'I cannot help it,' Luther remarked, 'I must go on. To Worms will I go, though there were as many devils in the city as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses.' He went accordingly, and was asked to recant what he had written, and he answered that he could not. Whatever there was of intemperance expression in his writings he would indeed recant; but the doctrine of them was God's truth, and he durst not do it. 'Here I stand,' he said, 'I can do no other. It is impossible to admit anything that is against the conscience. God be my help. Amen.' And there, and then, upon that very spot was the Reformation consummated. A poor man stood up before the princes of the world and said that; and all the world arose up and said, 'Yes, it is right, that thing which you have said.'

And never, Mr. Carlyle continued, in affectionate eulogium on the personal character of Luther, never stood up a truer-hearted, a better, or a greater man, than he who stood before the diet of the German empire. In his face might be read the various elements of his character. A coarse, rugged, plebeian face it was, with great ears of cheek-bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and in deepest melancholy, sweetness, and mystery were all there. Often did there seem to meet in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He, for example, of whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he, when he first began to preach, suffered unheeded agony. 'O, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz,' said he to the vicar-general of his order, 'I cannot do it. I shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it.' Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, 'Well, sir Martin, if you must die you must—remember that they need good heads up yonder too. So preach, man, preach—and then live or die as it happens.' So Luther preached and lived; and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world; and also before he died he wrote four hundred books! books in which the true man was! for in the midst of all they denounced or cursed, what touches of tenderness lay! Look at the Table Talk, for example. We see in it that a little bird having alighted at sunset on the bough of the pear tree that grew in Luther's garden, Luther looked up at it, and said, 'That little bird, how it cowers down its little wings, and will sleep there so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces, and the great blue depths of immensity! Yet it fears not—it is at home. The God that made it too is there.' The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in other passages of his books. Coming home from Leipzig in the autumn season, he breaks forth into loving wonder at the fields of corn. 'How it stands there,' he says, 'erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it—the bread of man sent to him another year! Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the serene depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible, across its tempests and clouds, a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted—he might have rung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.

As it was, the extremes of energy and modesty met in his active spirit. Perhaps, indeed, in all men of genius, one great quality, strongly developed, might force out other qualities. Here was Luther, a savage kind of man, as people thought him—a Wild Orson of a man—a man whose speech was ordinarily a wild torrent, that went tearing down rocks and trees—and behold him speaking like a woman or a child! But no sentimentalist was he! A tolerant man, but with nothing of sentimental tolerance. He went to the real heart of that matter. When his reforming associates made vast fuss about a surplice that somebody or other wanted to wear, he ended the matter with a 'What! can a surplice do us? Let him have three surplises, if he will. That is not our religion, nor interferes with it at all. *Domine miserere mei.* That is what we have to think of. That is what we must think of the essence of Christianity.' Nothing of what is commonly called cant, or pride, or ambition, was in Luther. It was this that made him not higher than the lowest man with a soul, nor yet lower than the highest. Thus, when he was threatened with the anger of 'Duke George' if he went to Leipzig, he made answer that he had no business at Leipzig, but if he had, nothing on earth should prevent him. If it rained Duke Georges for nine days running there he would go. Well, and this man who thought and acted in this way, passed a whole life of suffering! He was a deeply melancholy man. More labor had fallen upon him than he could rightly bear, and it was in vain that he prayed to be released; he toiled and sorrowed on. Even

with Satan himself, the evil principle of the world, was he destined to hold high argument. Men would laugh at that, and a cheap game, indeed, was ridicule; but he recollected that in Luther's days, God and the devil were equally real; and that he thought he was from the first, as when he had that vision of the crowded house-tiles of the old city of Worms, a man specially selected to fight with devils. Well then, he sat alone one night; he was translating the twenty-third psalm, and pondering on its deep significance; he had sat fasting for two days, when the devil rose and stood before him, and opened the famous dialogue, accusing Luther of crimes, and threatening him with hell, and terrifying him to recant; all which the Christian put an end to at last, by taking up his ink-bottle and flinging it at the devil. The mark made by the ink on the wall is shown to this day; and a memorable spot truly is that! a spot that may mark at once the greatness and poverty of man! the record of a delusion which any doctor's or apothecary's pretence could explain now-a-days; but also of a courage that could rise against what seemed to be the bodily imposition of darkness and despair, and of enmity to good. No braver man than Luther ever appeared in Europe.

A Word to the Romanists of Germany on the New Year of 1845.

[The following appeal by the Roman priest Rosser, who has set the European continent on fire about the impure of Christ's seamless coat, is one of the most remarkable documents in the history of Babylon the Great, since the days of Luther, Zuingli, Calvin and Knox.]

You of the Romish hierarchy! I have stood among you and seen what a game you play with human nature: what your purposes are. The word truth is heard from your lips, but she dwells not in your hearts; compassion and love have you upon the tongue, but not in the bosom.

The Pharisees, as depicted in the gospel, are mere children compared with you, Jesuits and spiritual tyrants! For the high-priests and Levites of Jewry consumed only one nation, but you have the misery of many nations of Europe to answer for. Through whose fault was German blood poured out under the Fourth Henry, and in the desolating thirty years' war? Through whom sank Poland in bloody ruins? Through whom was the flesh torn from the bones of France and Spain but yesterday? Through the ambition, the avarice, the immorality and the intrigues of the Romish hierarchy, whose creatures dare to style themselves fathers and teachers of the people. One who had not studied and seen through these things, might well believe, from their sweet words, that among them would be found angels of light, those who bring peace and salvation. But where is the blessing that they spread abroad? what peace is it that follows on their steps? what is their morality? what mean they by their flattering words? what sort of religion shall bless the nations from their hand?—But the clouds are scattering and mental chains breaking. That, mark you well! that is what causes this loud outcry. Yes, it is done. To those who do not yet know and feel that the empire of imposture and superstition is at an end, I will prove it. See! since I came forth against you, and with simple words exposed your pernicious conduct, what has been said, what been done by the nations, not only by the German, but foreign nations. You know with what ardor they sprang up; you hear, you see it now, and what did ye? Called down maledictions from the pulpits; called for the shears of the Censor to clip down thoughts (this is your ad-invention) before they could pass through the press. Imprisonment or worse punishment threatened from the background,—and against whom? Against me, and all others who dare give utterance to the truth; who, to absurd religion and the long-suffered lamentations and complaints of the people, dare give utterance. Truly, if it depended on you, who are pleased to style yourselves apostles of love and light, I and my fellows would soon cease to see the light.

You call me a false prophet, betrayer, Judas, forsworn, agitator, demagogue, communist, and heaven knows what else. You call me by these names in your ecclesiastical journals; from your consecrated pulpits you pour forth your calumnies. But what harm does this do me? None at all; rather it harms yourselves. And who am I, opposed to you? A plain man, without riches, without power, a man who has no home, except in the hearts of his friends and the greater part of the people whom you abuse. A man who would shrink with horror from deceiving the people, who would blush to be a hypocrite, who would refuse your benefices. A man who spoke a few sincere words for the sake of abused religion, and deceived man, and whom you have, on that account, degraded from his office, and excommunicated as a criminal from your churches. But what can you do against me? Nothing, nothing at all. The people no longer believe those who have so often deceived them. The greater part of the nation is on my side. The small portion that you still influence through your riches, your arts, and their own fears, will turn against you so soon as they see that it is for them we fight. For the fight is for the deceived part of the nation, injured priests, injured religion. Their voice will I be, so well as I may, and so long as I can; and I feel the courage of victory in my breast. I would enter the lists against you, degenerate servants of Rome, were you still more numerous than you are. Think you I fear your threats? I am ready to die. The cause in which I engage is worth the life of a man; it is the cause of freedom from Rome. Did

you fancy you could turn me from the path of virtue and right? As well might you try to turn this planet from her course. You have devised calumnies against me personally, to diminish my influence, knowing it was vain to deny the truth of what I have said. Again, in vain! Men know that you say what is false; I need not answer these calumnies. If I wished to defend myself, I would not take the way you have to assail me. But if I did choose to speak of the sins with which many of you are laden, sins public and private, known by public rumor and irrefragable testimony,—should I here give a catalogue of these, how would you bear up against the burthen?

Some have entered on the idle task of justifying the idolatry, but this is beyond the power of man to do. That pilgrims have said, 'Holy garments, pray for us,' is, and remains a fact, that the simplest countryman can think must see in its true light. Let Dr. Ritter give his catalogue of relics, not merely from the time of Christ, as he has done, but from the creation of the world down to the present day. He cannot deny that at Treves they sang, 'Holy garments, pray for us,' and that this was unchristian. Let the Canon Foster write his ten thousand sermons in defence of the idolatry,—it is all labor lost.

The hour is come; the path is open; you can decide whether to be Romish or German, slave or free. Hypocrisy or truth, priesthood or Christianity, are the signal words between which you must choose; you saw this, but you have not listened to religion, nor to conscience, to reason or your country; you have preferred to be, on German ground, slaves and tools of Rome; you would your father, mother, brothers, sisters, your nation, your father-land, still farther abuse and betray. Is it so? Then let me declare to you, in the name of my nation, 'You yourselves have willed to become aliens; pass to the home you have chosen, which you prefer to your mother earth; dwell within the walls of Rome, if indeed they can bear up against the burden of the blood, the tears, the curses of the nations of the earth. Believe me, the hour is nearer than you dream of. Soon will other priests, communities and teachers rise up against you.'

Already the Spirit draws nigh like the rushing of a storm; soon will rotten buildings fall; the fetters laid upon the reason and the heart be broken, and the people emerge into the daylight of truth and mental freedom. It is spring-time; indeed it is May; the airs of spring are wafted over the earth; I have felt them in my heart, in my spirit, before I saw the seed which is now springing up, and I will never leave the stand I have taken, till the work is completed that duty called me to begin. Only the holder am I become through your assaults; bolder in the name of my nation, which has so long endured your injustice and infidelity, but which now is also become bolder and more courageous, and which will conquer through brotherly unity in its powers! JOHANNES ROSSE.

LUTHER'S VIEW OF USEFUL PREACHING.—When Dr. Erasmus Albert was called to Brandenburg, he desired Luther to set him down a manner and form how he should preach before the Prince Elector. Luther replied, 'Let your preaching be in the most simple and plain manner; look not to the Prince but to the plain, simple and unlearned people, of which cloth the Prince himself is also made. If, in my preaching, should have regard to Philip Melancthon, and other learned doctors, then should I work but little good. I preach in the simplest sort to the unskilful, and the same given content to all, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, I spare until we come together, and then we make it so curled and fustian, that God himself wondrous at us.'

SHOCKING OUTRAGE!—A writer in the 'Churchman' gives intelligence of the following dreadful 'prostitution,' to which one of the Episcopal churches in this city is about to be subjected. It is a postscript to an article in a similar strain.

'Notice has been given of a sermon and collection in one of our Free Mission churches, on a Lord's day evening, for the benefit of the New York Bible Society, an auxiliary in the work of publishing Bibles and circulating Presbyterian tracts, in the manner above stated. This prostitution of a church, and outrage upon the well known feelings of a large number of the contributors to its support, has been brought about by means of the unbecoming interference of one or more of the prelates that were in this city the greater part of December last, whilst they were here.'

Is it not awful to think of! A sermon to be preached in 'one of our churches' is to be half of the Bible Society!

We seriously ask if Romanism, blasphemous as it is, ever poured more contempt upon evangelical institutions, than does modern Puseyism. Here it is publicly declared that to preach a sermon in behalf of the N. Y. Bible Society is an 'outrage' and a 'prostitution' of the church in which it is delivered.—N. Y. Observer.

THE CHIEF QUALITY REQUIRED IN A SOLDIER.—It is health of body—physical strength, that enables man to endure the hardships of the tented field. It is the good condition of the animal that enables him to fight. We need more machines for the ranks of the army. To obey is the only duty. Forward is the command. Sufficient intellect to load and fire a musket is all that is wanted; the number killed is the test of merit. A well-trained horse is often more valuable than a score of men with souls!—Advocate of Peace.

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